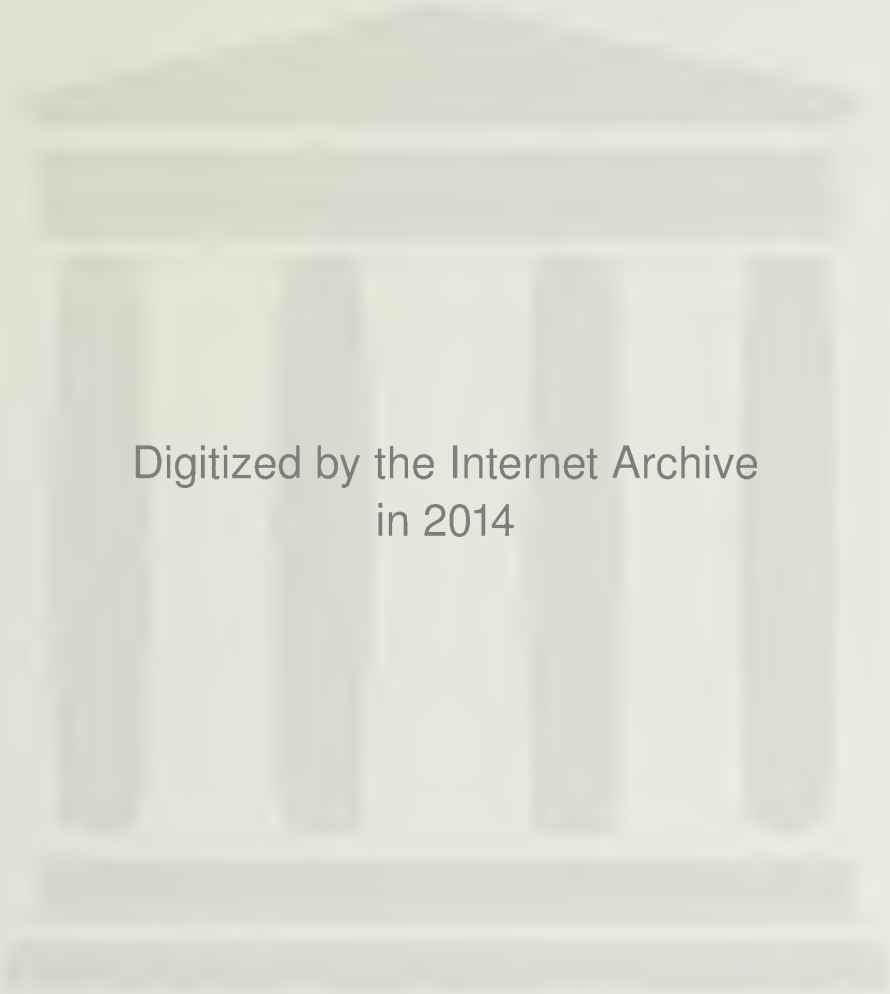
Sunshine and Play-Time

Verses By The
Rt. Rev. Wm. Croswell Doane D.D.

Illustrations by
Emma Justine
Farnsworth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SUNSHINE AND PLAY-TIME

VERSES

BY THE

RT. REV. WM. CROSWELL DOANE, D.D.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

EMMA JUSTINE FARNSWORTH

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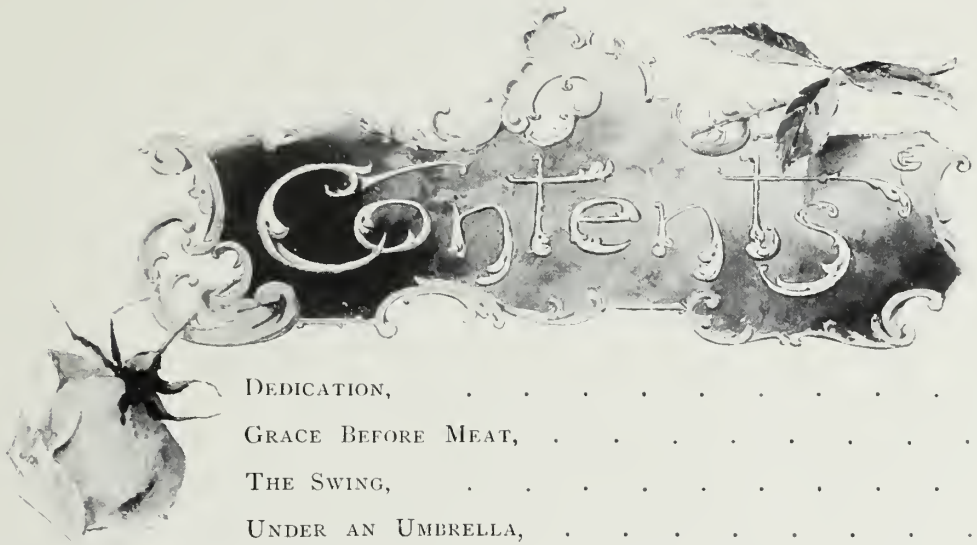

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TO LITTLE ROLAND,

THE SUNSHINE OF WHOSE SHORT LIFE

GLADDENED MANY HEARTS.

SUNSHINE AND PLAYTIME.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Come, Lord Jesu, be our guest;
Share the gifts that Thou hast given.
Daily bread, which Thou hast blest,
Comes, like "angel's food," from heaven.

THE SWING.

Higher and higher, swing and sing,
With my toes that barely touch the ground,
And my head in the leaves, and everything
Swimming and swirling above and around.

Up and back, through the rushing air,
Faster and faster, like bird on wing;
Till the things that fly say, "Who goes there?"
And I race with the swallows in my swing.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

Here's a puzzle for a fellow,
On the first real rainy day
Since I got my new umbrella:
Shall I put it up, or stay
In the rain and get a wetting,
And a whipping, maybe, too?—
Which, though followed by a petting,
Is a thing I always rue.

So the wary little fellow
Walked beneath the silken dome,
And the shiny, new umbrella
Brought him, dry and safely, home.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

What is the joy and the pleasure of living,
Having and keeping, or having and giving?
Which is the better, to want and receive,
Or to have, and be able a want to relieve?
Neither is better; for neither's complete
Till the want and the wealth, in an interchange, meet.

UP A TREE.

Climb, climb, climb,
up the tree of knowledge,
Up to higher places,
with the lazy left behind;
That's what boys are doing,
in common school and college,
Climbing, with the hands and
feet of intellect and mind.

That's all well enough by and by. Just now the ripening cherry,
The slowly mellowing apple, the bird's or squirrel's nest,
Tempt me rather more, and strike me as more merry;
Or, just to reach the highest bough, and look down on the rest.

REFLECTIONS.

What do you take my reflections to be,
Dear little brook, as you babble along?
One thing seems very clear to me,
That yours are uniformly wrong.

Trees don't grow with their roots in the air,
At least they don't in our town;
And it looks to me uncommonly queer
To see flowers and weeds with their heads turned down.

And yet, on the whole, in my poor little head
There's a good deal of upside-downness too;
And the more I reflect on what I have said,
The more I feel that it's quite like you.

Hello, little calf!
Do look up and laugh,
Let's have some chaff;
You're too sober by half,
With your head down snuffing the fresh green grass.
I'm young, too,
As well as you,
But I think there is something better to do
Than just to chew.
Can't you say moo,
When I say good morning, as homeward I pass?
Can't you even spare me a flick of your tail,
Like the man in the barn that flings the flail?
Or a kick of your heel?
Come, we're both of us veal:
It's time to feel
Solemn when old age makes you beef,
And makes me a man.
Let's play while we can;
You'll really find it a great relief.
But the calf preferred *its* grass to *his* chaff,
And wouldn't look up, nor play, nor laugh;
"For she's busy," the boy said, "making, I see,
Sweetbread for mother, sweet milk for me."

BED TIME.

Sudden the shadows leap and start
Where the tall trees reach the sky.
If only they weren't so far apart,
I could climb the branches ever so high,
And see who lights the evening star,
And talk to the boys, if any there are,
Up there;
And see what they do
In the streets so blue,
In the air.
It's hard to have to go to bed
When the streets are all so bright.
When I'm a man I'll try, instead
Of sleeping all the night,
To get something to do that will make me stay
Up all night and in bed all day.
I'll be a policeman, trim and trig,
Or a bank's night watchman, when I'm big.
And now, if I *must* go to bed, I'll dream
And find out so, how things would seem
If day were night, and night were day;
And to-morrow, when I wake up, I'll play
Just what in dreamland I shall see,
Just what my dreams will tell to me.

UP IN THE HAYMOW.

I love the grass when the tiny blade
Peeps up in the April days; and well
I love it, when under the summer shade
The tossing pitchforks have haycocks made,
And the air is rich with the clover smell.

But never and nowhere under the sun,
Growing or greening or giving its smell,
Is the grass so fair or half such fun,
As when I can roll and romp and run
Up in the hayloft I love so well.

GARDENING.

I wonder why that cross old man
Won't let me dig up seeds,
And pick the flowers when I can,
And help him pull up weeds?

I don't see any use of grass
If I must keep the road,
And never have a right to pass
Across a place he's sowed.

I'll ask my father if I can't
Have some place for my own,
Where I can dig and sow and plant,
And dig up what I've sown.

And that old gardener so glum—
I'll tell him not to dare
Within my garden spot to come,
And that will make us square.

IN A HIGH WIND.

My! what a blow! what a blast! what a bluster!
All the wild winds must be out for a muster;
All the dead leaves whirl about in a fluster.

And the dust!—I must go home and look for a duster!
Down go the flowers, their leaves in a cluster.
Gently, dear wind, we don't like such a bluster.
Boreas, Zephyrus, Eurus, and Auster,
Let's have one at a time and not all in a muster!

THE LAUNCH.

Dear little boat, so trig and trim,
To-day you shall have your first real swim;
Your sails are set and your flag unfurled—
Perhaps you will find some quite new world.

Dear little boy, with your eager mind,
Soon you'll be launching on life's strong tide
Yourself, for a voyage that's sure to find
The true new world on the other side.

Busy digging a soldier's
grave
Where the grass is green
and the elm-trees wave.
Silent, on one side,
the funeral drum,
Still, on the other, the soldier dumb.
He is battered and bruised with many a scar
Won in the blows of mimic war;
Not even a funeral note will come
From the solemn, silent, soundless drum.

BONFIRES.

Up in the sky the trees are on fire—
Yellow and red the bright flame goes,
Leaping like tongues still higher and higher;
All the wild woodland gleams and glows.

Maple and birch and the vines that wreathe them,
Sumach and alder and elm and oak;
We'll have a bonfire down here beneath them:—
My! Why can't *our* fires burn without smoke?

I'm thinking about a lucky dog,
And wishing that I was one;
For my dear dog's life just seems to me
The nicest kind of fun.

Here is the rug so woolly and white,
Before the fire so warm and bright,
On which he can sleep by day and night;
While *I* must get up, and go to bed,
And have all the bother of combing my head,
Clothes off, clothes on, forever; instead
Of just jumping up, with a good sound shake—
No bath, no bother, but just to wake;
All ready, as soon as the day's begun,
For whatever first turns up to be done.
Yes; a dog *is* lucky. I would give my knife.
If I could but live "a *lucky* dog's life"!

PILLOW-PLACE.

Life is divided, like towns, into places;
Pleasant are some of them, some of them poor.
Here, where I'm lying, sometimes I make faces,
When nurse, with the medicine, opens the door.
But enjoying bad health, I make open confession,
Is rather good fun, as you see in this case;
When I lie with my toys close at hand, and no lesson,
And number my home, "Number One, Pillow-Place."

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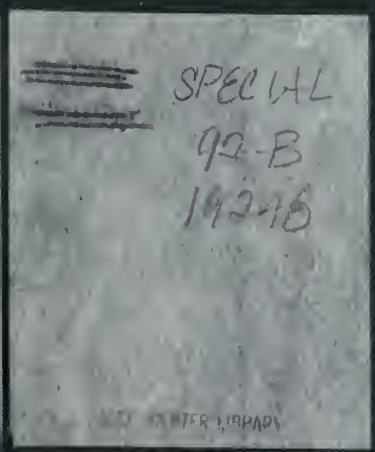
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